

# THE DINKY DUCKLINGS

LANG CAMPBELL





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by  
**LANG CAMPBELL**

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## *A Word About This Book*



**T**HE DUCK BROTHERS, Peter and Puddle, had an invitation to spend the night with their aunt and uncle. On a good breakfast of hot cakes and syrup they started out, but a cunning fox led them far off their path. In a journey of great excitement Peter and Puddle meet Mrs. Hen and Mrs. Bunny-Brown and old Toby Turtle, who help them to reach Aunt Daffy's house before bedtime. The pictures of the ducks eating strawberries, diving with Toby Turtle, and bouncing along in their little red wagon, will be among the treasured possessions of the children.

This is another one of the Sunny Books that take children on lively adventures with new friends, and here again are rich colors handsomely designed and beautifully blended to aid in the development of good taste in books.







# THE DINKY DUCKLINGS

Peter was a white duck,  
Puddle was black;  
Peter could waddle  
And Puddle could quack.

Peter and Puddle were two little ducklings. Peter was snowy white but Puddle was black as a tar baby. They had shiny eyes that looked like yellow shoe buttons, and yellow bills to pick up their food. Yellow feet, too, with cunning toes on each foot, all joined together so they could swim.



Of course when Peter and Puddle were baby ducklings just out of the shell their mother and father took them down to the pond near the house.

"Come," said mother; "follow me!" and she swam out in the deepest water. Both the little boy ducks obediently put one tiny foot, and then the other, into the cool pond.

"Heads up!" the mother duck quacked, splashing along, "Kick your feet like this!"

Father stood on the bank and chuckled behind his collar as he watched his babies trying their best to follow.

"Oh, Puddle, look quick! I can do it! See how fast I am going!" And sure enough, Peter was sailing quietly along on top of the water, his little head held high and the tip of his white tail showing, as he swam after the mother duck.







He found that he had just missed a letter, and when Mr. Miller, the postman, blew his whistle at the next door. The two little junkies hurried out to get the mail. There was a letter with an envelope addressed to "Messrs. Peter and Paul, 16 Poultry Row, Back behind the Barn."

The two children were so excited they ran away and stood on their toes to open the letter. What could it be? Who could have written to them?

"Duckville on the Ditch

Dear Peter and Pugsley,

Won't you come over and visit us?

You must be big boys, by now.

Your loving,

Uncle Daffy."

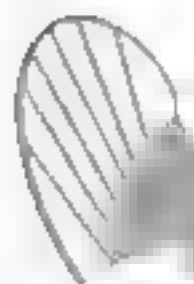


morning.

majig.

Mr. P. was waiting for





then the two children went to the  
village and found a man who  
was very old and had a long  
white beard. He was sitting under a  
big tree and looking at the ground.  
The children went to him and  
told him what had happened. He  
looked at them for a long time  
and then he said, "You two  
children, you are very good. You  
have found a way to help the  
poor people. I will give you  
some money to help them. But  
you must be very careful. Do  
not tell anyone about this. It  
must be a secret. If you  
be good."

So the children took the money  
and went to the crossroads.  
"Look! The best way to go  
at the crossroads!"





'Twas the night when the moon was full,  
 And the stars were shining so bright.

But the wind was so cold and so strong,  
 That it made the leaves all so long.

'Twas the night when the moon was full,  
 And the stars were shining so bright.

But the wind was so cold and so strong,  
 That it made the leaves all so long.

under  
clover and grass growing along the way

... and I saw  
... I have  
... little  
... of  
... to look  
... for the early  
... to help me look  
... that he would rather  
look alone

... and Peter  
... saw a pretty blue  
... brother, help me catch  
it!"



said  
that, a  
s. . . .  
p. . . .  
l. . . .

Puddle  
fall to  
poor Puddle  
heart to  
terrible mud. If  
stopped to pick it up.

“Waddle for me,” said  
hanging on tight.

“I am, waddle for me,” said  
the white duckling, “I am, waddle for me,”  
along the road, with the vagabond  
On and on, until the night had  
duklings until they came to the road.  
There, they forgot and ran the wrong  
way. They took the road to the left.

When Peter was all tired out  
from running and Puddle was  
all tired out from hanging on,







they stood  
up for their daily concert.

Puddle  
tumbled out of the  
cave and

Puddle was  
Peter had been  
for years Peter had  
little shop for the

"Wake up, brother!"  
whispered Puddle,  
hoarsely. "Someone  
is here!"





white teeth.

followed him.

He  
"I  
to a  
a  
way  
Peter  
new

It was  
at a  
up  
a  
ght  
stop  
in  
re  
sw  
on the other side.

Peter  
white tail



radishes, lettuce and  
carrots in neat rows;

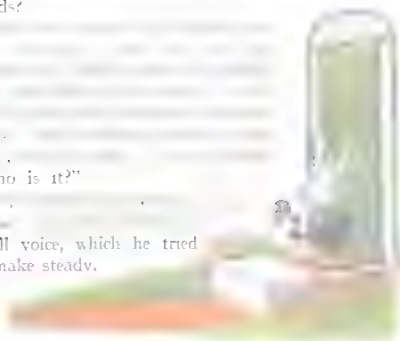


red geraniums growing in them.

woods?

"Who is it?"

A small voice, which he tried to make steady.



door.

repeated Puddle

1. The first step is to identify the key components of the system. This includes understanding the hardware, software, and data involved.

"I am sure the more you  
 know of me, the more you will like me. I am at the  
 moment, I am very glad to hear of the  
 success of your journey. It has been  
 very successful, I am sure. As it  
 is, I am very glad to hear that the  
 stay all right, and that out to  
 the next morning. I am very glad  
 to hear that they are very well, and  
 I am very glad to hear of the very kind old  
 lady.

✓ I'm not visiting the guest room



—and a duckling!"

hollyhocks.

until they reached the  
that they would see  
that almost ate them  
for supper, the night  
before.







The first of these is the fact that the  
the second is the fact that the  
the third is the fact that the  
the fourth is the fact that the  
the fifth is the fact that the  
the sixth is the fact that the  
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the ninety-eighth is the fact that the  
the ninety-ninth is the fact that the  
the hundredth is the fact that the



to pull it along.

Mr.  
the  
wood.

a while.



...to go as far as I know. "When you get  
there, look for a very old tree, and  
the old man will be under its shadow  
anywhere."

...the old man was very old and very  
...the old man was very old and very  
...the old man was very old and very  
...the old man was very old and very  
they named him Pepper.

...the old man was very old and very  
...the old man was very old and very  
...the old man was very old and very  
...the old man was very old and very  
...the old man was very old and very



[illegible]

painted red."

the way?"

Yes, yes, Mr. C., I





not a word

at the very first chance.

Lunch was over and the three and a half of them start I cut for Duckville on the Duck. The old turtle gentleman led the way and the ducklings told how the bad fox almost caught them, about Black Biddy and the Brown Browns. The old turtle knew them all and told how the bad fox's father, years ago, he tried to catch him, but he pulled his head, tail and feet into his shell, so there was nothing to carry him by. Then he cautiously stuck out his head and nipped the fox's tail and you know that when a turtle bites he doesn't let go until it thunders.

The old fellow talked faster than he walked, for he said a slow steady pace was best, one could last mighty near all day and night at that rate. The ducklings had been hurrying and they were tired out. The turtle invited them to ride on his back, said he didn't mind it in the least. So there they sat dozing away, with Pepper tied onto old Toby's tail and



rolling along on its red wood. They all seemed very comfortable, indeed. May the old turtle told some more stories but the ducklings didn't hear them.

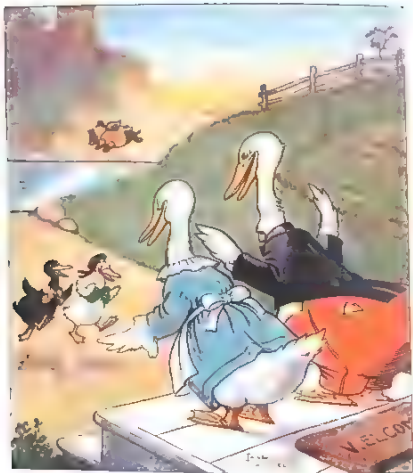
It was very late in the afternoon when the strange party stopped with a jerk. The ducklings slid off the turtle's back and old Tod said, with a grand sweep of his front flipper "There is Duckville on the Ditch!"

There it was just across the water, Uncle Daffy and Aunt Dilly's house with Uncle Daffy walking up and down the front porch, wondering where his little nephews were.

Such a quacking and clattering as there was! The ducklings and old Tod plunged into the water and swam across the ditch, set the toy duck ride over on the turtle's back, for Red Pepper had never learned to swim.

Aunt Dilly and Uncle Daffy were very glad to see the Dinky Ducklings and soon there was a piping hot supper for all. Old Tod was invited to draw up a chair, also.

After the meal was over, the ducklings told





all the adventures that had happened to them. Uncle Dilly bepped right up and said he was proud of his brave boys, and Aunt Dilly kissed them all again, not forgetting Red Pepper.

Then the Dinky Ducklings spoke up and said they wanted to thank Toby Turtle for taking such good care of them.

"Yes," said Paddle. "We want to give you our new shiny toy duck, Red Pepper, to remember us by."

"Won't you take him?" asked Peter, unselfishly.

"I certainly will. Thank you both!" answered Toby Turtle. "He will be fine company for an old turtle with no family. I can talk and talk and he will just sit and listen to my stories and never interrupt."

Toby took the toy duck by the string and pulled him up alongside. Next he lit his pipe and started to tell of the olden times, when he was a youngster, and about his grandfather, who raced a rabbit and beat him.



It was very exciting but the ducklings couldn't stay awake any longer, while even Aunt Dilly and Uncle Daffy napped a little. Only Red Pepper, the wooden duck, was wide awake. His painted eyes never so much as blinked, and he seemed to nod at everything old Toby said. They had become fast friends.

It was soon time for bed, so Aunt Dilly tucked the Dinky Ducklings under the covers and kissed them goodnight. The old turtle preferred a nice soft place in the mud, near the ditch, where there was lots of air. The mosquitoes didn't trouble him and he claimed the mud was good for his complexion. Red Pepper sat up on the bank and kept guard.

Uncle Daffy went all around the house and tried the windows and doors to see if they were fastened tight. Then he peeped into the Dinky Ducklings' room and smiled to see them



sleeping so peacefully. Quietly shutting the door, he blew out the candle and tiptoed to his own bed.

To the land of dreams  
They all set sail.  
And this, my dears,  
Is the end of my tale.





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